

BY TELEGRAPH.

FROM MANILA.

MANILA, March 23.—General McArthur and his army are resting on the plains beyond Marialo, after three days of scrambling in the brush, fording rivers and charging trenches, in the blinding sun. The men are tired but are in splendid spirits. The American troops will advance at daylight, taking four days' rations with them and over 200 rounds of ammunition in their belts. They expect to take Bocobo tomorrow. It is a difficult position, protected by streams. The American lines are about 1200 yards from those of the rebels. The commanders report a loss of twelve men killed and sixty one wounded yesterday. The Philippine prisoners say that the rebels have lost all taste for fighting and that their officers have to keep them in line by beating them with swords. One of the most brilliant and costliest achievements of the campaign was the charge of Major Howard's battalion across the river. They splashed across with a yell, swimming and wading, with the bullets splattering in the water, and rushed upon the rebel trenches. Ten men were killed and eleven wounded in the charge. In the church yard of Marialo the Americans found thirty newly-made graves of Philippines, and a dozen bodies were seen drifting down the river. Our troops captured four Spaniards who were fighting with the insurgents. Many huts have been burned by the inhabitants. The Americans are not burning any buildings. General McArthur was under heavy fire yesterday. The prisoners say that Aguinid has declared that if the Americans can take Malolos, the Philippine capital, he will surrender.

SERIOUS RIOT AMONG U. S. SAILORS.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, March 28.—The crews of the American fleet ashore on leave started rioting among themselves last night over an old feud about the absence of the flagship New York during the fight at Santiago. The trouble lasted over four hours before the officers and police could stop it. Several men were badly injured during the fray. Green and Armstead, of the Texas, were the most seriously hurt. The former had his bowels ripped open and the latter was twice stabbed in the side. Both men are in a dangerous condition. The wounds were inflicted by a colored man named Johnson, also of the Texas. He was surrendered to the commanding officer of his ship and is in iron-bound awaiting the result of the injuries. The governor of Jamaica received Rear Admiral Sampson this morning and returned the visit this afternoon.

THE HULL OF STEAMER PORT- LAND LOCATED.

BOSTON, March 28.—With the haul to the surface of the waters of Massachusetts Bay yesterday, was entangled in the tangles of a quantity of steamer furnishings by the crew of the schooner Maud S., it is believed that the location of the hull of the steamer Portland has been made. The wreckage consists of two electric light brackets and minor cabin furnishings. The point in the bay is given by Captain Thomas as twenty-two and one-half miles east one half north from Boston light, seventeen miles south, south-east of Cape Ann and twenty-four miles north, three-fourths west from Highland light. The depth of the water is between forty and sixty fathoms. The wreckage has been identified as being part of furnishings of cabin of a steamer.

THINK SHE COLLIDED WITH THE KING PHILIP.

BOSTON, March 28.—Agent Williams gives his opinion that the steamer Portland was in collision with the schooner King Philip while the former was trying to weather the storm. It is pointed out as a singular coincidence that the Maud S., which now brags in positive evidence of the Portland, was the last craft to sight the unfortunate steamer on the night of Nov. 26th.

PRESIDENT BACK IN WASHING- TON.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—A special train bearing President and Mr. McKinley, Postmaster General Smith and the presidential party, reached here at twelve o'clock tonight.

REFRESHING DRINK IS GIVEN BY HOG'S HARBOR, WHICH FEELS THE SERVICE, CURES THE STOMACH AND CURES ALL DYSPEPSIA SYMPTOMS.

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, an active brain, a strong, vigorous body—makes him fit for the bottle of life.

THEY RIDICULE IT.

Many People Ridicule the Idea of an Absolute Cure for Dyspepsia and Stomach Troubles.

Ridicule, However, is not Argument, and Facts are Stubborn Things.

Stomach troubles are so common and in most cases, so obstinate to cure that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical, permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. Many such pride themselves on their acuteness in never using humbug, especially in medicines.

The fear of being humbugged can be carried too far, so far, in fact, that many people suffer for years with weak digestion rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims made of a preparation so reliable and universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferment, pure aseptic peptin, the digestive acids, Golden Seal, bismuth, hydastis, and curcuma. They are not cathartics, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion or the common sense plan of digesting the food eaten thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure indigestion and stomach troubles because they act entirely on the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets taken after meals digest the food. That is all there is to it. Food not digested or half digested is poison as it creates gas, acid, heat, headaches, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

They are sold by druggists every where at 50 cents per package. Address F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for little book on stomach diseases, sent free.

HE MADE A DISCOVERY.

AN INSTANCE WHERE A SUPERABUNDANCE OF KNOWLEDGE WAS DISASTROUS.

"I hear a good deal about luck," said the occultist as he polished away at a pair of eyeglasses and smiled in a sorrowful way, "but I don't believe in it. The man who has luck is the man who don't make a fool of himself, as I did a year or two ago. If I'd had two grains of sense in my head on an occasion twenty months ago I'd have been enjoying a soft snap-to-day."

"No it wasn't a ground floor speculation," he continued, after breathing on the glasses and holding them up to the light. "I got a letter from the President of one of the biggest railroads in the country, asking me to call at his office. When I called I discovered that he wanted to pay me \$5,000 per year to test the employees of the toad for color blindness. I closed with the offer as quick as I could get my breath, and a day was named for me to bring up my samples and show the old gent the modus operandi of the thing. I was on hand when the hour arrived. I had all the colors ever used about a railroad, and after looking them over the President sagaciously observed:

"This green doesn't seem to me to be quite as deep as our signals, but perhaps it will answer well enough."

"I turned to him, and I hope to drop dead in my tracks if he wasnt looking at the brightest kind of red—the danger signal, you know!"

"You mean this," I said as I pointed to the deep green.

"No, sir, I mean this," he replied, as he put his finger on the red.

"Ah, me!" sighed the occultist. "but what a fool I made of myself! The President of that big railroad couldn't tell red from green, nor blue from white, and I was as ass enough to give it away that he was color blind."

It was only between us two, but he knew mad and called me an impostor and an idiot, and I was virtually kicked out of his office."

"You ought have lied about it," was remarked.

"I ought to have kept my mouth shut and never said a word. It was nothing to me whether he could tell the color of his hair or not, but it was a heap to him to learn that he'd been married for thirty years and didn't know whether his wife had black hair or red."

Signs of Intellect.

"What's the reason you're so careless in dress of late, and why do you never wear your hair in that pretty style I used to admire?" asked the husband who liked to spend his evenings at home.

"I am preparing a lecture," replied the wife, "on the 'Dawn of Esthetic Life.'—Detroit Free Press.

LOCKED EXPERIENCE.

"Am I to understand," said the unsuccessful candidate, "that you accuse me of having used money in the Legislature?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, with a pitying smile. "You didn't use money. You just wasted it."—Washington Star.

A TERRIFYING DREAM.

"I'd never go to sleep again if I thought I'd have a 'mother nightmare like that,'" sighed the weary hobo.

"Was it horrible?"

"The horridest I ever. I dreamed I was a leg of hard clover and wort a' workin'."—Detroit Free Press.

FORTUNE OF THE MINERS.

Some Instances Where Enormous Wealth Was Discovered by Pure Luck.

THE RICH TILDEN MINE.

Was Found By a California Sheriff While in Pursuit of Two Murderers.

The Corona Group of Gold Mines Accidentally Discovered By an Emigrant Yield Enormous Revenues—The Finder Held His Claim for a Few Hundred Dollars—Fatality of Discoverer.

The stories that gold miners tell when they are in the mood are as thrilling as a romance. Superstition enters largely into a majority of the stories one hears about a campfire, but they are generally founded on facts, however wonderful they may seem. The pure luck that attends the finding of enormous wealth is an exhaustless subject for discussion.

The rich Tilden mine in Alpine county, Cal., was found in a curious way. Sheriff James W. Carter and two men had gone over the mountains after two men who had murdered a sheep herder. The region is as lonely as any among the Sierras. The time was March, 1877. The Sheriff and his companions were in the saddle four days, and when they were well up among the mountains the trail of the fugitive murderers became obliterated. They got out of their saddles and made themselves as comfortable for the night as possible in their blankets on the ground. The next morning the trio set about to find some tracks that would give them a clue to the fugitive trail. The Sheriff and his companions went about searching for hours almost on their hands and knees. While engaged Sheriff Carter picked up among the manzanita chaparral a piece of live rock. Having been a miner he put the chunk into his pocket, just as he had done before times without number. The search for the trail of the murderers was finally abandoned and the Sheriff and his assistant went home.

A day or two later Sheriff Carter came across the bit of live rock he had found up among the mountains. He got out a magnifying glass and was astonished to see traces of gold everywhere in it. He started up the mountains immediately, and, employing an experienced prospector, a search that lasted three months was begun for the ledge from which the float rock had been detached. It happened that the very day that the Sheriff and his companions set out to follow the fugitive murderers was the one on which the Electoral Commission in Washington decided the Presidential contest against Samuel J. Tilden—March 2, 1877. Sheriff Carter was an ardent Democrat and he named his mine the Tilden. It was a good gold producer for a dozen years, but the Sheriff never profited much by the tens of thousands of dollars it yielded. He was harassed by lawsuits and in one year he spent \$20,000 in law.

The Corona group of gold mines or the Colorado River north of Yuma, Ariz., was accidentally discovered by an emigrant going in a prairie schooner with his family to Los Angeles from Texas. These are among the best of so-called desert mines in the United States. C. D. Lane, the millionaire gold miner of San Francisco, who gave \$75,000 to the Bryan campaign fund in 1896, owns two-thirds of the Corona mines and gets a monthly revenue of \$22,000 or \$30,000 from them. The Texan, who was named George Harris, camped one night in the fall of 1889 on the west bank of the Colorado River, before starting to cross the sandy waste known as the Colorado desert. He built a fire, and while his wife busied herself with the meal he lay on the ground near the wagon and idly looked at the queer pinkish rock formation close beside him. He thought the rock had a trace of gold, but was not sure enough of it to give the matter much study. However, he whacked off a few pieces of rock and threw them into the wagon. A friend who had been in gold camps for years was calling at Harris's home in Los Angeles a few weeks later. The conversation turned to gold and silver mining, and some one happened to speak of the curious rock on the Colorado River. The specimens were hunted up in the back yard and shown the caller.

"These are great specimens of low grade ore," said the caller.

The specimens were assayed as refractory ore that ran from \$30 to \$50 a ton. George Harris had little faith that the mines would be worth development, and he finally and quickly sold what title he had in them for a few hundred dollars. The property was bought in 1883 for \$70,000 and a small fortune was spent in the development of the refractory ledge until it began to pay its way. When it did the returns from the smelters ran up into thousands of dollars.

A common topic in groups of gold miners is the fatal to that seems to attach to successful gold miners. The more successful the fuller the more closely does a grim fate seem to stalk behind him. So many cases of violent death among rich gold miners may be cited, that the superstition seems to have more of a basis of fact behind it than is common with such notions. A volume dealing with superstitions of miners whose luck discoveries were soon followed by disaster. "Old Virginia," the original owner of the Virginia mine of the Comstock ledge, was killed by a bucking mule. Brodie, the finder of the Standard mine in California, died in a snowstorm. Story, a celebrated California discoverer, was killed by the Indians. Comstock, after letting incalculable wealth slip out of his hands, became almost a pauper and shot himself while on a search after the Lost Cabin in the Big Horn range. Fairweather, the discoverer of Adler Gulch died of exposure and desolation near the famous mine he was the first to find, and Farrell, who was the leader of Meadow Lake region, died insane in a hospital.

THE AWAKENING.

She had not been married so long that she had broken herself of the habit of occasionally fishing for compliments, and she liked above all things to hear him say how he prized her. But this time he was taken off guard and spoke thoughtlessly.

"It was a \$20 gold piece you gave the minister who married us, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yep," he answered without looking up from his paper.

"That's a lot of money, George," she suggested, and then waited for him to throw down his paper and say: "Not for such treasure," or something like that, but he didn't. Instead he replied with a depth of feeling that was unusual:

"Well, you can just everlasting bet that it is."

She hasn't been much of an angler since.—Chicago Post.

He Squared It.

Mrs. Hanson—I understand sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way. You should have seen me first.

Shrewd Suitor—Madam, had I seen you first I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you.

Mrs. Hanson—um—the informality of the proceeding was all I objected to.

Come with me and I will introduce you to my husband.—Til-Bits.

Requires Courage.

"If I am not mistaken," she said, "he is thinking seriously of marriage."

"Very likely," he replied, in his abrupt, masculine way. "He always was a courageous boy."—Chicago Post.

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million dollars of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call at the Globe Grocery Co. and get a trial bottle free. Regular size \$6 and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

BROUS INJECTION.

A PERMANENT CURE.

of the most obstinate cases of Consumption and Chest, guaranteed in from 8 to 6 days. No other treatment required.

Send for all strength.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON.

111 Market St. Telephone 24

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10 CENT CIGARS.

They have always maintained their high standard. Strictly hand-made

Sumatra wrapped and long John

Hiller. For sale by all first-class dealers.

AT Wholesale in Portsmouth by

FRED S. WENDELL, J. H. SWETT,

Bear and Market Sts.

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R. C. SULLIVAN,

MANUFACTURER,

MANCHESTER, N. H.

DELIVERY

COAL

IN BAGS.

NO DUST

NO NOISE

NOTICE.

FREE delivery right out to be reme-

red.

Send for all strength.

TOBACCO RAISING IN CUBA

FOUND BUSHELS OF PEARLS.

Fine Goods That Were Buried in Some Prehistoric Earthworks.

Immense quantities of prehistoric pearls have been discovered during the last few years in the ancient mounds erected by a forgotten race in the Mississippi valley, especially at certain points in Ohio, and the evidence thus obtained proves that some of the tribes whose people formerly inhabited that region did actually possess treasures in this form which far exceed in value those owned by the richest crowned heads to-day. In fact there are no collections of pearls in existence at the present time that would compare at all with those gathered by the aboriginal connoisseurs referred to in some of the mounds pearls have been found, not by hundreds or thousands but by bushels—large numbers of them approaching or even exceeding in size a hazelnut.

How such enormous stores of them were gathered is a problem not easily solved. The pearls were most certainly obtained from a species of mussel called the "unio," which is still found in great abundance in many of the streams of this country; but in those days the shellfish in question must have been far more plentiful than now. No more beautiful pearls exist in nature than those yielded by the unio, and the collections described must have been magnificent, indeed, in the period of their glory. Unfortunately all of them have been ruined by decay, due to long burial, though an occasional specimen reveals something of its pristine beauty when its outer layers are peeled off.

In the famous Effigy mound, near Chillicothe, Ohio, was found more than a gallon of pearls, with two skeletoons. All had been drilled with holes made with a heated copper wire. This drilling was undoubtedly for the purpose of attaching them to clothing or belts, as illustrated by the fact that 400 or 500 had been sewed originally upon a shirt worn by one of the skeletons. In other places in the same region more than forty bears' teeth with pearls set in them were discovered. From a mound in the Little Miami Valley Prof. F. W. Putnam obtained over 60,000 pearls (nearly two bushels) drilled and undrilled. Two other depositions yielded upward of 100,000 pearls.

Plenty of evidence as to the possession of great stores of pearls by the early aborigines of this country is afforded by the writings of the first explorers of the new world. The attention of Columbus and other Spanish discoverers was attracted to the manner and a story having a bearing on the same subject is told by the followers of De Soto, who came upon an Indian town near what is now Tampa Bay. At one end of the town was a temple, on the top of which was perched a wooden fowl, with gilded eyes. In these eyes were pearls of huge size. When the Indian queen, whose name was Ucita, welcomed the strangers, she drew from over her head a long string of pearls and threw it around the neck of the leader of the expedition. The Spaniards returned this courtesy by robbing the tombs in the neighborhood, obtaining from them about 350 pounds of pearls.

There are great profits to be realized is apparent when it is known that the small planters borrow money upon their growing crops, paying about twenty per cent for a six months' loan, and yet in normal times are prosperous. The wealthy planters count that a poor year which does not realize for them fifty per cent upon their entire investment, including the price of the plantation. As the United States has always been the one great market for Cuban tobacco, and, indeed, all other products of the island, the closer relations which have been and are to be established should increase even the enormous profits of the past.

Twenty-six thousand men and about ten thousand women and children have been directly employed in the production of tobacco in Vuelta Abajo. Within three years it is believed that district will give employment to fully sixty thousand men. The rate of wages has been high compared with that of other employment in Cuba, or

TOBACCO BALING.

compared with the pay of farm hands in the United States. Those employed the year around receive from \$15 to \$20 and their keep per month. Those employed during harvest receive about \$1.50 per day. It requires the attention of one man to produce 1,000 pounds of tobacco, and it is said that an apprenticeship of fully five years must be served before one really understands the science of tobacco growing. The best men come from the Canary Islands, though Cuban negroes, when not too lazy, make excellent plantation hands.

In many ways tobacco raising is the most attractive agricultural industry in Cuba. Sugar growing is more profitable, or has been, but it requires a greater capital, and the product cannot be so easily converted into cash. Then, too, sugar cane is of much slower growth and requires almost as much attention. Tobacco produces a crop the first year, though the quality of the leaf is not the best, but the land has been under cultivation several seasons.

Since its first introduction to the civilized world tobacco has been weighed against by teachers of religion in all parts of the earth. Scientists have taught that its use is injurious to man. Pope and Potator have forbidden it, yet its hold upon humanity has increased year after year.

PHILIPPINE AGRICULTURE

Observations by a Government Explorer Among Sugar and Rice Fields.

THE PRIMITIVE METHODS

A San Fernando Sugar Manufactory Which Is Owned By a Chinaman.

Six Meath's Work on One Crop of Cane—Climatic Conditions Exceedingly Favorable to the Production of Sugar and Rice—Hard Conditions of Agricultural Labor—Rice on Irrigated Lands.

At the present time it is somewhat difficult to ascertain the value of the Philippine Islands under normal industrial conditions. In the first place all the industries are disturbed, and only such as are absolutely necessary are conducted with any vigor.

In Manila the distribution of money

causes considerable activity in some lines, but the usual trade is dull. The whole country is waiting for "something to turn up."

After my arrival at Manila, says Dr. S. A. Knapp, I determined to penetrate the insurgent lines and travel as far as they would permit. Mr. Cadwell, formerly of Iowa, joined me, and with a Filipino for interpreter, we took the train for San Fernando, about seventy-five miles by rail. The section of country through which we passed was quite level and intersected by streams. There were a few fields of sugar cane, but most of the land was planted to rice. Occasionally a tract was irrigated, but the larger portion depended upon rainfall, and showed generally a light crop.

The harvest had just begun. Men and women were in the fields with their sickles, cutting and binding the bundles—two handfuls. Each bundle is then stood up—heads upon the ground and butts in the air. After standing this way about twenty-four hours it is removed and piled in small ricks on the levees which separate the rice fields. Each rick is about three feet wide, by three high, and from fifty to one hundred feet long. The heads of the rice form the sides of the rick. When sufficiently dry the grain is removed by drawing the straw through a hatchet.

A day or two later Sheriff Carter came across the bit of live rock he had found up among the mountains. He got out a magnifying glass and was astonished to see traces of gold everywhere in it. He started up the mountains immediately, and, employing an experienced prospector, a search that lasted three months was begun for the ledge from which the float rock had been detached. It happened that the very day that the Sheriff and his companions set out to follow the fugitive murderers was the one on which the Electoral Commission in Washington decided the Presidential contest against Samuel J. Tilden—March 2, 1877. Sheriff Carter was an ardent Democrat and he named his mine the Tilden. It was a good gold producer for a dozen years, but the Sheriff never profited much by the tens of thousands of dollars it yielded. He was harassed by lawsuits and in one year he spent \$25,000 in law.

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"And so they called him. He showed down his full hand and scooped in \$5,800. Then he yawned, put on his coat and stuffed his winning into the pockets thereof and left. The three others played on for an hour or so and then the game broke up and they went down to the lobby of the hotel. When they made their appearance the night clerk of the hotel called them. He had three official envelopes in his hand, one addressed to each of the three players with whom McGregor had been pokerizing.

"Mr. McGregor left these for you gentlemen before he went out a while ago, with instructions that they were to be handed to you when you came down," said the clerk, handing the envelopes to the gentlemen addressed.

"Each of the envelopes contained a check signed by Byron McGregor for the amount each of the players had invested in the phonny jackpot, together with a note reading:

"I didn't want to get shot to pieces so I employ this method of stating that deuce-opened jackpots are vicious it principle and dangerous to the peace of society, especially in these parts. Never mention a tobacco pipe to a los. It irritates his sense of squareness. Check enclosed. Query: Who's the laugh on?"

"P. S.—I guess it's on me."

B. McGREGOR."

A Six-Shooter With 43 Notches.

Among the curios which attracted much attention at a recent display in Maryville, Mo., was a big six-shooter. Back of this gun is a history which is as interesting as the most thrilling yellow-back novel. At the commencement of the Civil War it was the property of Jesse James. During a raid in the neighborhood of Independence, Mo., Quantrell and his gang of followers became very hard-pressed. They were fighting for their lives or the run, when a member of the party who now lives in Maryville, but whose name is withheld out of deference to his wishes, had his pistol shot from his hand. He was riding by the side of Jesse James, then only a common member of Quantrell's band, when the gun dropped, and with the part of the thumb that held it Jesse, seeing the accident, reacted in to one of the scabbards of his own belt, pulled forth a pistol and handed it to his companion, who kept it until a few years ago, when he sold it to W. F. Smith. The gun had thirty-eight notches on it when Jesse gave it away, and before the war closed the man who succeeded to its ownership added five more, making forty-three which means, of course, that forty-three men have been killed with it. The pistol is rusty, but it looks as if it might do good service yet in the hands of the right man.

Electric fans are used constantly, and ice is left around in pails for those who may want it, and even then men, women, and children die. But worst of all is the effect of the heat on the brain, the sudden insanity and the many suicides. Not Captain Overstreet of the Red Sea without dreading the fire or six days that it would take to pass through it.

The Red Sea is perhaps the hottest spot on the face of this whirling sphere. It has been estimated that only one steamer out of twenty passes through without loss of life. The passengers are made to drink lime juice and water, and those in the steerage are denied meat, in order that the blood may be kept in the best condition possible. All the bedding is placed on deck, the port side is given up to the men and the starboard side to the women.

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"In this particular game McGregor was way loser after the first couple of hours—nearly \$4,000 in the hole. He was not bothered a little bit over this for he was a thoroughbred loser, and besides, the receipts from his room frequently netted him \$8,000 or \$10,000 on nights of big play at the cases. But he didn't like the way the cards were running, and be finally pushed his chair back, remarking:

"This isn't one of my nights. Make it a triumvirate you three. I think I'll stay out."

"Better hang on a bit, McGregor

and get some of it back, so you won't have to smoke a pipe," says one of the players demurely. "Stay in a while anyhow. Such easy ones as you don't come our way very often."

"Oh, well, we'll play a final Jack pot," said McGregor. But, win or lose I've got children so far as continuing play to-night is concerned. One more Jack."

"McGregor dealt the hand himself, and I was behind him as he did so. The best he gave himself was a pair of deuces. It was a \$100 jack, and the \$400 was in the centre of the haze in gold. It passed around and none of the three opened it.

"Well, if I've got to smoke a pipe I see my way clear for \$400 worth of smoking tobacco, anyhow," said McGregor, when it was up to him. "She's open."

"The three of 'em stayed along and drew to their hands. They all filled too. McGregor drew two cards to his pair of deuces and the eight spot he held up, and he caught another deuce and another eight—a comfortable-looking full house, deuces atop of eights.

When it came to a betting McGregor poked them to a standstill, and the three of 'em had finally to look at each other and say:

"If anybody in the crowd's got 'em it must be McGregor."

"And so they called him. He showed down his full hand and scooped in \$5,800. Then he yawned, put on his coat and stuffed his winning into the pockets thereof and left. The three others played on for an hour or so and then the game broke up and they went down to the lobby of the hotel.

When they made their appearance the night clerk of the hotel called them. He had three official envelopes in his hand, one addressed to each of the three players with whom McGregor had been pokerizing.

"Mr. McGregor left these for you gentlemen before he went out a while ago, with instructions that they were to be handed to you when you came down," said the clerk, handing the envelopes to the gentlemen addressed.

"Each of the envelopes contained a check signed by Byron McGregor for the amount each of the players had invested in the phonny jackpot, together with a note reading:

"I didn't want to get shot to pieces so I employ this method of stating that deuce-opened jackpots are vicious it principle and dangerous to the peace of society, especially in these parts. Never mention a tobacco pipe to a los. It irritates his sense of squareness. Check enclosed. Query: Who's the laugh on?"

"P. S.—I guess it's on me."

B. McGREGOR."

A Six-Shooter With 43 Notches.

Among the curios which attracted much attention at a recent display in Maryville, Mo., was a big six-shooter. Back of this gun is a history which is as interesting as the most thrilling yellow-back novel. At the commencement of the Civil War it was the property of Jesse James. During a raid in the neighborhood of Independence, Mo., Quantrell and his gang of followers became very hard-pressed.

They were fighting for their lives or the run, when a member of the party who now lives in Maryville, but whose name is withheld out of deference to his wishes, had his pistol shot from his hand.

He was riding by the side of Jesse James, then only a common member of Quantrell's band, when the gun dropped, and with the part of the thumb that held it Jesse, seeing the accident, reacted in to one of the scabbards of his own belt, pulled forth a pistol and handed it to his companion, who kept it until a few years ago, when he sold it to W. F. Smith.

The gun had thirty-eight notches on it when Jesse gave it away, and before the war closed the man who succeeded to its ownership added five more, making forty-three which means, of course, that forty-three men have been killed with it.

The pistol is rusty, but it looks as if it might do good service yet in the hands of the right man.

OPENED IT WITH DEUCES.

The Way in Which McGregor Won the Final Jackpot.

"The man who opens a jackpot without holding the openers takes about the longest chance possible in card gambling," said a Colorado man who had seen some historic doings in the American game of draw. "It's risky work. It means bullets in a good many sections of this country, and even in peaceful communities the man who's caught at it has a heap of trouble in squaring himself, whether he has actually made a mistake or not.

I only recall the case of one man getting away with that kind of a proposition, and he was on the level and made good afterwards.

This man was Byron McGregor, who, back in the swirling days of Colorado, ran the swellest establishment for money-hazarding purposes in Denver. McGregor was a finely educated and polished man, and he was in the game with three of the most prominent citizens in Denver, one of whom afterwards became a United States Senator, not, no doubt, E. W. Colton another man.

The game was served out in the private parlor of one of the players, and I was one of half a dozen witnesses of it.

There was a big, well-affected woman with a scrofula. Her mouth and nose were lumped together below the nose, and she was in an awful condition and there were lumps on the outside below the nose, and the doctor said it was a fatal case.

Other doctors said it was a fatal case.

It came to my mind that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was made without alcohol, and is a preparation based upon his experience with disease.

McGregor was served with the drug store and bought one bottle and gave it to her to use as directed. Five bottles cured her.

For more than thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has enjoyed a far larger practice than many physicians who charge large fees for advice. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made without alcohol, and is a preparation based upon his experience with disease. It is a temperance medicine, pure and simple, and without alcohol, whiskey, sugar or syrup to preserve its properties, keeps perfectly in any climate for any length of time. Others may imitate the remedy; they can only do it by using an imitation medicine as a substitute for Dr. Pierce's. Sick people who cannot visit Buffalo may consult Dr. Pierce by mail. He gives free, fatherly advice for treating and curing diseases of a chronic, obstinate and lingering nature. No charge is made for such consultation.

Physicians as a class are opposed to what they call "patent medicines." It is not often they openly endorse them. Now and then, however, some doctor who has been in the eye-witnesses of a remarkable cure by the use of a patent medicine, will speak of it.

Dr. Joseph E. Fife, of Lost Springs, Marion Co., Kan., is such a man. He writes:

"I am using a good many of your medicines in my practice.

"I have a patient who

SHIRT WAISTS

ARE NOW READY.

PIQUE, PERCALE, GINGHAM AND CALICO.

Prices, 50 Cents to \$3.00.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,

7 Market Street.

W.E. Paul

Sanitary Plumber,

Heating Engineer

and Contractor.

WINDMILLS AND PIPING.

— SOLE AGENT FOR —

MAGEE

Boston Heater Furnace

MAGEE

Grand Ranges and Stoves.

KITCHEN FURNISHING GOOD.

TELEPHONE 55-5,

39 to 45 Market Street.

PHILBRICK'S

BICYCLE STORE.

Stearns, Orient, Pierce, Envoy,
Fleetwing, Gendron, Reliance
and Sillcock Bicycles.

Prices From 25.00 75.00.

A FEW Second-Hand Wheels in First
Offer For Sale or to Rent.

Low Prices on Tires and
Sundries.

REPAIRING

FRANKLIN BLOCK,

Portsmouth, N. H.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Bishop Street	\$1,000
Union Street	2,000
Middle Street	2,000
Varian Street	6,000
Shelburne Street	6,000
Richards Avenue	4,000
State Street	3,500
State Street	3,000
Daniel Street	3,000
West Street	2,500
Tanner Street	2,500
Madison Street	2,000
McVean Street	1,700
Worrell Street	1,700
Snarkaw Street	1,700
Jefferson Street	1,600
Warren Street	1,700
Schiff Street	1,000
Deerborn Street	1,000
Water Street	1,200
Stock Street	1,100
Chilton Street	900
and many others in Newcastle, Kittery, Greenland, etc.	
FARMS in large variety. House Lots all sizes and prices.	

Tobey's Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street.

WE HAVE

CANDY

At All Prices From
10 Cents a Pound Up.
Call and See Our Stock.

RALPH GREEN,
60 Congress Street.

THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1899.

AT THE EXHIBITION.



IS THIS A BLUFF?

It May Be a Side Light on an Interesting Rumor That's Circulating. Boing has received a black eye in Portsmouth, a spot which has recently come into prominence as a desirable locality for good shows. The club up there had arranged an interesting fifteen-round lightweight match for April 6 between Tim Kearns and Jack Foley, but the clergymen of the city and the surrounding country have been up in arms for the last week protesting against the carrying out of what they call prize-fighting. The management have declared the contest off — Manchester Union.

It was whispered around town today that a finish fight between two well-known New England lightweights had been arranged for this city, and would be pulled off within a fortnight. It is understood that only a select coterie of sports are to be let in on the event, and that several Portsmouth men are the promoters.

A plump purse is said to be awaiting the winner. The report further is responsible for the belief that this will be preceded by a few bouts of limited rounds, for points, like those which have been held here the past season, and that the two pugs around whom the betting centers are to meet a little later in a more secluded spot.

If this rumor be well grounded, then the above clipping from a Manchester paper is of peculiar significance, and would appear to have been sent out with the intention of diverting any suspicion from the projected fight. The clergymen of this city and vicinity have not yet risen in revolt against local boxing exhibitions. Therefore the assertion that the Kearns-Foley scrap has been declared off should be well saluted before taken.

CHIEF ENGINEER EUGENE J. SULLIVAN.

Eugene J. Sullivan the new chief engineer of the fire department is a Portsmouth boy, about forty years of age and has been a member of the fire department of this city for the past ten years. He is a thorough democrat. He was made a member of Kearsarge engine

CITY BRIEFS.

"Come to supper" at Philbrick hall tonight.

Portsmouth vs Exeter at bowling here this evening.

Easter cards and booklets, half price, if F. C. Marston's.

"Gentle Spring" must have wet feet. Everybody else has.

The painters are at work on the new annex at the Wentworth house. The boys at the Creek are glad that the Duke has got a girl at last.

Have you been to the City market, Globe Grocery Company Building.

Fresh Fish Department of the City market is so nice. Have you been there?

"A Mile White Flag" is playing to big business on the New Hampshire circuit.

It is something entirely novel, what? The City market, Globe Grocery Co. Building.

Baseball interest in Portsmouth is greater than Egan's chance for the Presidency.

The Easter music at the churches next Sunday promises to be especially interesting.

The salaries of city clerk, tax collector or other officials of Manchester are to be largely reduced.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicer stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

The Vermont sap product is no good this spring, but we shall have "pure sap syrup" just the same.

Ralph Reinewald, cornetist, and James Goddard, player of piccolo and flute, at Philbrick hall tonight.

There are only 147 convicts in the State prison at the present time, the smallest number for several years.

Everything you want to eat in the meat, fish and vegetable line at City market, Globe Grocery Co. Building.

City Clerk Marcy suggests that those who come early to take out their dog licenses will avoid the rush at the end.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

The wild geese are flying northward, so there is doubtless some truth in the report that spring is some where on the way.

The Warwicks go to Manchester this evening and play the Owls of the Calumet club in the State whist Tournament.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church give a turkey supper and entertainment in Philbrick hall this evening.

It is understood that the committee on the new police wagon will recommend that it be turned over to the police commissioners.

Fan blowers are to be used on the chimney at the new power house of the electric road, Noble's island, to secure the necessary draught.

The ladies want to call at Mrs. B. F. Lombard's, No. 11 Vaughan street, to see her Easter display of millinery. Millinery opening announced later.

The railroad restaurant at Rockingham Junction is said to be the best paying establishment of the kind on the entire system of the Boston & Maine railroad.

If your eyes bother you in any way whatever call on C. F. Illesley, expert optician. Examination free. If glasses are necessary they can be had at a price that will please you.

On Good Friday the last service of the day at Christ church will be at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, when Sir J. Stainer's beautiful and impressive service, "The Crucifixion," will be sung by the full choir of the church, assisted by Mr. Harroun, tenor of Boston; Mr. C. W. Gray, Mr. H. C. Hopkins and Mr. Selma Wheeler, soloists. Miss M. E. B. Miller will officiate as organist and the Conservatory string quintette, with Mr. James Goddard, flute soloist. Mr. W. W. McIntire, organist and choir master of this church, will conduct.

AN OFFICIAL VISIT

Grand Master Clarence M. Leete of Tremont, Grand master of the Grand Lodge Odd Fellows of New Hampshire will pay an official visit to New Hampshire Lodge No. 17, this Wednesday evening, and the brethren of this and other lodges in this city will make the occasion one of much interest to the distinguished guest and the fraternity. New Hampshire lodge always opens its doors to welcome visiting brethren and the handsome lodge room will undoubtedly be crowded to night.

TURNING ON THE X-RAYS

A quiet but unerring investigation is progressing at city hall, into some of the details of the management of municipal affairs during the past year or two. The developments will be of great interest to the public generally.

PERSONALS.

Col. A. F. Howard was in Concord on Tuesday.

Bert P. Doe of Newfields has been in town today.

Fred H. Ward was a visitor in Boston on Tuesday.

Thomas H. Dearborn of Dover was in town on Tuesday.

James McKone, the Dover cycle dealer was in town Tuesday.

Congressman Cyrus A. Sullivan was in Kingston on Tuesday.

Mrs. Maria Holmes of Nottingham is visiting Mrs. True W. Priest.

Senator J. H. Gallinger has arrived in Concord from Washington.

Horace L. Rowe attended the grand opera in Boston this afternoon.

Police Officer William Tibbets of Dover was in town on Tuesday.

Labor Commissioner J. F. Tracy of Laconia is visiting friends in town.

Benjamin F. Flanders, first selectman of Plaistow, was in town today.

Miss Minnie E. Leith, who has been quite ill at her home on Bridge street, is now convalescent.

Mrs. David Drake of Danvers, Mass., is visiting her mother, Mrs. William Warburton, Stark street.

Horace Hodgdon and wife have moved to this city from Epping and taken up residence at Christian Shore.

Frank C. Tilton, Fred Smith and Charles Paxton of Dover, were among the Dover people in town on Tuesday.

Charles F. Shillaber, cashier of the National Mechanics' and Traders' bank, was in Boston on Tuesday, on business.

High Sheriff Hayes of Strafford county was a visitor in town on Tuesday and paid a pleasant call on Marshal Entwistle.

J. Byron Shanno, who has been connected with the Pineywood Hotel orchestra, the past winter, is expected home next week.

Mrs. Ralph Green clattered a party of young people to York on Monday evening, the 27th inst., where they were entertained by Miss Helen Bragdon.

Howard N. Haskell, the well-known clerk at the Globe Grocery company, has resigned and has accepted a position as travelling salesman with the H. W. Spurr company of Boston.

THE HETT ISSUE

Tomorrow evening the muddle of the street commissionership will be tackled again by the city council. The deadlock at the previous meeting resulted in retaining in office the man who has been its incumbent for the past year.

There was only one duty for the aldermen and councilmen to perform. That was to elbow Mr. Hett out. The public demand it.

He has been a failure at the job. He has insolently defied the people—ignored all justifiable complaints against his wretched lack of judgment in caring for the streets.

The community are sick of Hett and the type of mismanagement which he represents. The city government knows this. It knows, also, that when the people elect representatives to the municipal councils, these representatives are expected to do the bidding of the people.

And the people want to be rid of Hett. Any successor couldn't do worse than he has done. Yet the aldermen and the councilmen, instead of doing their duty—instead of doing what the people put there to do, went in like a pack of school boys and did just what Hett wanted to have done.

Tomorrow evening they will have an opportunity to rectify this deplorable mistake.

ONE OF HOOD'S BRIGHTEST.

Hood's spectacular farce-comedy, "A Mile White Flag," comes to us this season newly equipped in costumes and scenery, and with a company augmented by the addition of a large chorus of shapely and handsome girls. This product of Mr. Hood's clever versatility has been a money-maker from the first time it was put on the boards. It was never presented by a more capable company than that which is winning fresh plaudits for it this season. The advance sale of seats bokens a full house upon its appearance at Music hall tomorrow evening.

Hett in Six Hours

Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately.

If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by George Hill Drug-gist Portsmouth, N. H.

CORRECTION.

The turkey supper, sale and entertainment at Philbrick hall is to be to night, instead of Thursday night, as reported in this morning's Chronicle.

CLUB NOTES.

Warner Club.

The whist games at the Warner club on Tuesday evening resulted as follows:

Chick and Edson, 20; Parker and Locke, 17; Parker and Locke, 20; Graham and Downing, 16; Graham and Downing, 20; Parker and Locke, 9.

ORGANIZED AT KITTERY.

Boston Brass Co. organized at Kittery for the purpose of the manufacture and sale of brass supplies with \$100,000 capital stock, of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, George F. Hickmott of Newton, Mass.; Treasurer, William H. Galison of Boston, Mass. Certificate approved March 23, 1899.

BROKE AN AXLE.

The steam fire engine, Eben Simpson of Biddeford on reporting to an alarm on Tuesday, snapped its rear axle off as if it were a pipe stem in turning a corner. The engine was thrown on its side but no one was hurt. The Eben Simpson is well known here and participated in the big muster several years ago.

AT COLOMBO.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The gunboat *Castine* arrived at Colombo Sunday on her way to join Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila.

WE MAKE CANDY.